Boringly Polite

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Boringly Polite

by LumusWinter

Summary

Hannibal goes into rut after he takes a whiff of Will's scent for the first time in three years while locked in the BSHCI.

Despite the danger and consequences, Will volunteers to help his old friend.

Notes

Thank you so much **ASUKA X for betaing this!!! You're the best!!!**

See the end of the work for more notes

Will couldn’t say it was good to see him after all this time.

The last three years had passed as if almost in a blur. Will was a man going through the motions, not paying much attention to what was happening to him, or around him. He felt like a man watching the world through an opaque glass, unable to feel much, or to breathe properly.

Looking now at Hannibal, as if for the first time, Will felt like life was in color again.

The Alpha looks good. Sturdy and stronger. Will imagined there weren’t many activities to do inside a prison cell - even one as fancy as Hannibal’s - other than reading and exercising.

His new haircut enhanced his jawline and cheekbones. Hannibal was still elegant and poised, charm oozing out of his pores, but there was a latent unhingedness in him now, a savagery in his gaze and the way he looked at Will, that was more noticeable. Despite Will’s loathing to admit it, he somehow looked even more attractive than before.

“Came to get some of the old scent back, Will?” The Alpha asked in his deep, husky voice.

He was angry. Will could see it beneath the veneer of self-importance and aloofness. His ego was hurt, for part of him - the Alpha hindbrain, probably - genuinely expected Will would answer his letters.

“Why don’t you smell yourself?” Hannibal added. "I bet my scent still lingers all over you."

Will swallowed, clenching his sweaty palms. Hannibal wanted to get a rise out of him and it was working.

Because it was all true. Hannibal was still all over Will.

"I didn't come here to waste time with salty inquiries and reminisce about a past long forgotten, Dr. Lecter," Will said as he walked towards the glass pane that separated the two of them, and kept Will safe from himself. "I'm here because Jack needs me."

Will took pleasure to see the way Hannibal's eyes sharpened when he called him Dr. Lecter, the obvious attempt to distance themselves even more, stinging, and his nostrils flared at the mention of Jack.

"And you, in turn, need me." Hannibal smirked.

"Your experience in this field would provide a rich insight into the mind of this deranged individual."

"A field that you indulged and delighted in. Or are you still lying to yourself and believing that you merely tolerated it?" Hannibal pushed.

Will chose not to answer him. Hannibal wanted to hurt Will. To punish him. It was a faster way to regain intimacy.

"Always at Jack's command, I see. The good boy. We should've talked about your daddy issues and masochistic impulses a little more during our therapy sessions, Will. My mistake." Hannibal smirked, hands crossed behind his back, shoulders broad and squared.

Will looked down, feigning submission, using traditional omegan tactics to appease Hannibal's Alpha. Will didn't think it was going to work, but it would diminish Hannibal's direct attacks.

"Can you take a look at these pictures? That's why Jack sent me here." Not because Will wanted to, of course not.

Hannibal smiled an empty smile. "Do I have a choice?"

"Not really. But I know you could make this a lot harder than it needs to be. Also, stop pretending you're not interested in the Tooth Fairy, and not dying to show off how much smarter and better than the rest of the FBI you are. You know we need you, and you're right in having your sadistic fun and play with us, but can we please just focus on this? For now?" Will looked at him with wide eyes and a minimal, almost-non-existent-pout.

Hannibal smiled a genuine smile this time around. "I see. Always so clever and brave. You may show me the photos, Will."

Will approached, coming closer to the beast who lay on the other side. He took a deep breath. It felt equal parts exciting and terrifying to be in the Alpha's presence again. Especially after so long. After so much monotony. Will felt ashamed to be feeling this way when Molly was back at home, waiting for him.

There was an opening in the glass where Will could slide the photos of the grisly murders through.

Hannibal brushed his fingertips against Will's as he went to take the photos, a light, soft touch that made Will jump and ignite. This close to the Alpha, Will could smell him, his earthy, strong musk that enticed omegas and drove them wild.

Suddenly, Hannibal grabbed Will's wrist, a movement so quick Will barely had any time to react, and inhaled his scent.

It all happened so fast that by the time the guards yelled at him to back off, Will was already on the far side of the other wall, clutching his wrist to his chest, confused and scared.

Hannibal just looked at Will, his irises slowly growing redder the more he watched him.

The photos had fallen to the floor. Will felt an ache around his wrist, knowing it would bruise.

Hannibal started punching the glass so hard, Will believed it might actually break. He was growling and grunting while he stared at Will, looking more animal than human.

Three guards entered the cell to contain him. The first who got close to him was shoved so hard he hit his head against the wall and fell to the ground, a pool of blood oozing from his

head.

There were shouts and screams as Will was ushered out of the room, his face frozen in horror.

"He is sedated now. It needed five men to control him, and we don't know how he's going to be after he wakes up but at least he didn't escape." Alana Bloom sat on her chair, looking regal and fierce in a red, three-piece suit. The role of director really suited her, but Will could barely recognize her.

"Yes. You just have the death of one employee in your hands." Will said.

Alana gave him a stern look and diverged. "He is in rut. I don't know how, we give him suppressants here but apparently something in you triggered him."

"He smelled me. He smelled Molly on me." Will spoke, almost as if in a daze.

"Yes. His Alpha probably…*mistook you* for his omega." Alana said warily, careful in regards to the implications she was making. "Grew possessive".

"Is he…" Will didn't want to seem like he cared, but at the same time, he knew he wouldn't be able to leave without knowing if Hannibal was okay. "Is he going to be alright?"

Alana watched him. "Don't you have a wife and a stepson to go back to, Will?"

Will stared back at her, seemingly unfazed, but annoyed deep down, for she had a point.

"If there is even a slight chance of Hannibal going berserk again and escaping, I want to be around to help."

"To help? Putting you two together was what caused this in the first place. Your omega triggered his Alpha."

"Are you saying I did this on purpose?" Will reeled in his chair.

Alana breathed deeply. "No, Will. I'm not. We'll only know his state once he wakes up. If he's still in rut, we'll just pump him full of suppressants."

Will felt his chest tighten. "But that might kill him."

Alana just stared at him. Cold. Hardened. Ruthless.

It was saddening to realize how deeply Hannibal had hurt and broken her.

"I know."

Four days later, Will woke up at 4:30 am to a call from Alana.

"Hey." He answered, groggy from sleep.

"Will, you're still in town, right?" Her voice sounded shaken and frail, very different from the last time they spoke.

"Yes. Is everything alright?"

"Are you still willing to help us contain Hannibal? He's still in rut. Nothing we've been doing seems to work. And we tried a lot of things."

Her voice was evening out now, probably growing more confident that whatever she was planning to do was going to work.

But Will could barely pay attention to her, his focus solely on Hannibal.

"What do I have to do?"

"You want me to sleep with him?" Will nervously asked.

"Come on now, it's not like it would be the first time." Frederick Chilton, former director of the Baltimore Institute for the Criminally Insane, and the most irritating and pathetic man - beta or not - that Will had ever met, said.

"No. Of course not, Will." Alana spoke gently and gave Chilton a disapproving look. "We want you to talk to him. Spend some time with him. We've been thinking that if he recognizes you as his mate, then you're the only one who could appease him. You would be safe the whole time. If he tries to hurt you, my men will be inside that cell in less than five seconds."

"Hannibal needs only one to kill someone." Will spoke matter-of-factly. "Besides, he wouldn't hurt me."

"That's something, coming from the man who was clutching his own guts when he was found by the police and paramedics in Hannibal The Cannibal's house." Chilton was trying to make that name become a thing but was failing horribly at it.

"He left you a nice souvenir on your belly, didn't he?" Chilton teased. Will ignored him.

"I'll do it. It makes sense to be me. I can sleep with him."

Alana gasped. "Will, we're not asking this of you. I would never ask you to do something you're not willing to do. We're not going to leave you there to be…to be raped." Alana seemed horrified at Will's choice.

Good to know some sliver of her still cared.

"It wouldn't be rape. I'm offering."

"Yes, because you're a damn martyr who loves to torture himself!" Alana hit her desk, making the objects on it jump slightly.

"Also…we don't even know it would work. We sent some omegas to him." She said after pulling herself together.

Will looked up, a red-hot anger bubbling inside him, alongside a clenching in his gut. "You sent omegas for Hannibal to fuck?"

Alana and Chilton looked at each other, the latter unusually quiet and attentive to the dynamics unfurling before him.

"Well, yes." Alana said, sensing Will's anger but not quite understanding it.

Will gripped the armrests of his chair. A deep snarl brewing inside. "And? What happened?"

Alana gulped and tried to calm Will down, sensing his uneasiness. "And nothing, Will. He turned them down; didn't want them. Kept asking, well, demanding, for you."

Will let out a breath, slowly relaxing his muscles and the pain in his gut disappeared.

"Odd behavior for an Alpha in rut, isn't it? One would think an omega hole is an omega hole." Chilton spoke, breaking the tense atmosphere with his unpleasantries.

Will snorted. "What would you know about being an Alpha in rut, Dr. Chilton? You're a beta," Will provoked.

Will knew there was nothing wrong with being a beta. Alana was a beta. Molly, the most wonderful woman, was a beta. He just knew that, for men like Chilton, to be reminded that they were not on top of the food chain, was a giant offense.

Chilton grunted.

"Frederick, don't be crass." Alana chastised.

"My apologies." He said, not at all apologetic.

"What are you even doing here anyway?" Will asked Chilton, refusing to look at him, staring ahead instead.

"Visiting. Why? Am I not allowed?" Chilton asked.

"Frederick, would you mind giving us a moment, please?"

Chilton looked at Alana, trying to hide his annoyance at being asked to leave but having a hard time concealing it. "Sure." He said and gave Will one, hard stare, before leaving Alana's Office.

Will's shoulders sagged slightly, more comfortable now that the despicable man wasn't around. "Thank you."

Alana nodded. "Will, you need to be aware of the consequences. Are you on birth control?'

"Yes." No. "Molly and I don't like to take any chances."

He lied. He was lying. Will wasn't on birth control because he knew Molly, a beta woman, couldn't get him pregnant, and Will couldn't get her pregnant either because Molly had had a hysterectomy.

He just didn't understand why he lied.

"Do you want to give her a call? Maybe talk to her about what you're going to do?" Alana suggested, oddly caring.

"What Molly doesn't need to know, she doesn't need to know, Alana." Will stated.

Alana licked her lips, and reluctantly nodded. "We're sending you in, then."

"No cameras, just audio. Will doesn't need this kind of exposure." Alana spoke inside the security room.

"Why such worries about discretion? We don't owe them anything." Chilton, the shrew bastard, said.

Alana, fed up with the man's behavior, turned to him and said. "You're telling me, that after everything Will Graham put himself through to catch The Ripper, we don't owe him anything? This is just basic decency, Frederick."

"Make no mistake, Dr. Bloom, Will Graham is walking into the lion's den once again out of his own volition and pleasure. He's not taking a bullet for anyone here." Chilton fired back, cocky.

Alana just gave him a disgusted look and restated it to the room. "Cameras off. Leave the audio on in case they say something of significance." To Chilton, she said, "Find your own cinemax porn somewhere else, Frederick." She left the room, heels click-clacking loud on the floor.

Hannibal was being closely watched and monitored as the guards brought Will to his cell.

He was wearing his ‘Cannibal Mask’, in order for him not to bite Will during their coupling.

His pheromones were overbearing, the entire cell reeked of Alpha musk. Will could taste his anger and desire.

The guards unrestrained him carefully, eyes watchful and sharp for any sudden movement, three guarded men surrounding him with guns filled with tranquilizers in case he grew violent again. They approached Hannibal like they would approach a wild dog.

Hannibal’s eyes didn’t stray away from Will for a single moment. Will wanted to keen and cry out for him, but he controlled his impulses, blaming the sudden reaction on Hannibal’s pheromones.

They had decided Will would spend two nights with Hannibal, which was the usual rutting period. Will asked Alana to turn off the cameras, and she acquiesced, understanding, but the audio would be left on. Will felt his cheeks burn at the things they would probably hear but it didn't matter. He was already here and he was not backing down.

Alana offered to give Will medication that would trigger his own heat, but he declined. He wanted to be fully in control and aware of what he was going to do.

He wanted to remember everything vividly, even the things he knew he would regret. No density to cloud his thoughts.

Will was wearing a mic around his neck. Alana and him had agreed on a safeword for him to say and be immediately brought to safety: "Teacup". Will doubted he would need to use it though.

The guards left the cell, leaving Will alone with an unrestrained Hannibal in rut.

Will took a deep breath and approached him. His heart was hammering inside his chest, his feet felt leaden, and his thoughts had never been louder inside his own mind. *Hannibal. Alpha. Mate.* .

Will touched Hannibal's mask, brushing the tips of his fingers against it. It had been so long since the last time they were this close. He wanted to trace his fingers against his face and jawline, kiss his-

"Will? Why are you so quiet? Are you alright?" Alana broke the moment, her voice coming through the speakers.

Hannibal growled, pulling Will by his waist and crowding him against the wall. Will moaned at the sudden proximity and the Alpha's scent, exposing his neck in submission.

And then it began.

Hannibal tore Will's clothes apart, impatient to get his hands on Will's naked body. He seemed angry over not being able to kiss and bite every inch of new skin that he revealed, so he growled and turned Will to face the wall.

Will took his pants off, letting them fall to his ankles and spreading his legs as far as he could. The glass was cold against his bare chest. Hannibal's growls and grunts were making him leak, and he moaned as Hannibal cupped one asscheek with his broad hand, spreading him apart and fingering his puckered hole.

Fuck, it had been so long since he last was with an Alpha. He was so wet it was embarassing. Will heard Hannibal spit on his cock and jerk himself off as he fingered Will with the other hand. They had forgone condoms, Alphas in rut didn't like them and it would only make them more angry.

Will was about to let Hannibal fuck him bareback.

Hannibal braced his chest against Will’s back and they moaned in unison as Hannibal entered Will, hands holding his hips roughly as he made Will take every inch of his cock.

Will breathed raggedly as he was impaled on Hannibal’s cock, letting out little breathy moans and soft *Ah, ah, ahs*, as Hannibal sheathed his entire length inside him.

Hannibal rubbed his mask on the back of Will’s neck and whispered his name like a prayer. “Will.”

Will moaned and pushed back, “Hannibal.”

Hannibal pulled back, leaving just the tip of his cock inside and snapped his hips flush against Will, in one single thrust. Will moaned loudly, going to his tiptoes to better take Hannibal's girth.

Will was incredibly wet, so the slide was smooth and fast, Hannibal fucking him like a madman, completely overtaken by his hormones now that he was inside Will's body.

Will's body shook and rattled against the glass as Hannibal fucked him, his balls slapping against his ass repeatedly, the sound of skin against skin loud and clear inside the cell.

Will cried out Hannibal's name, taking the battering on his hole like a champion.

Hannibal came inside him and his knot swelled not long after that, locking them together.

As Hannibal's knot grew in its rightful place inside him, Will came with a shout, smearing the wall with his come.

Hannibal panted against Will's ear, and he couldn't deny how good it felt. Not the position itself, Will was tired of standing up and his legs hurt, but to be taken and used by a strong Alpha, to feel his seed leaking down his legs, his heavy knot, thick and big inside him, his bigger body pressing against his…it felt amazing.

Hannibal still couldn't quite speak, so he pulled out when his knot deflated and threw Will on the bed. Will took off his shoes and kicked off his pants, getting fully naked.

Hannibal, on the other hand, was only partially nude. His chest was bare and Will bit his lower lip as he looked at the expanse of hair on his broad chest, and admired his thick biceps that were strong enough to lift and carry the bodies of grown men.

Hannibal's jumpsuit was down to his hips, his V-line leading down to his cock, that hung big and *so* thick out of his pants.

Will whispered 'fuck' under his breath. His asshole clenched around nothing and when Hannibal stalked towards him, Will got on his hands and knees, a submissive position and the one most perfect for impregnation.

Will shook those thoughts out of his mind and screamed when Hannibal fucked into him without any warning.

There was something so deliciously sinful in being had this way. Like a bitch in heat, needing to be bred, demanding to be used.

Hannibal snarled and growled as he fucked Will hard and fast, the poised man vanishing to make way for the ruthless beast. Deep down, Will felt a schadenfreudian pleasure in knowing that Hannibal was a lot more like other Alphas than he thought.

Will's cheeks bounced with each slap of Hannibal's hips and the Alpha was hitting a spot inside Will that was making him see stars.

"So good, Alpha. You feel so good." Hannibal thrusted roughly, chasing his own pleasure, treating Will like nothing more than a hole to fuck. The omega hole he always wanted.

Hannibal pulled out before coming again, making Will whine at the sudden emptiness.

"Hannibal!" Will called but was met with a rough slap to his ass and a growl from him.

"Alpha."

Will moaned and spread his legs even wider. "Alpha." Will cooed, making himself soft and pliant.

"Kneel," Hannibal orders.

Will got up from the bed, already feeling sore, and knelt in front of Hannibal, the man's huge cock pointing right at his face. "Suck."

Will didn't even think, acting purely on animal instinct and took Hannibal into his mouth, trying to swallow around his cock and suck it as much of his length as he could.

Will gagged around Hannibal's girth, his jaw as wide as it possibly could. He tried to pull back but Hannibal reached through his hair and pulled at his curls, holding him there, choking in his cock.

For the Alpha to be behaving this way, in a planned and sadistic manner, seemingly wanting to inflict pain on Will, he wasn't as far gone as they all originally thought.

Will whimpered around Hannibal's cock and the Alpha let him go, watching with hooded eyes as Will pulled back and coughed with tears streaming down his cheeks and his face and neck completely reddened.

Will snarled at him and licked a stripe along the vein on the underside of Hannibal's cock, moaning as Hannibal tugged at his dark curls, sucking him down and bobbing his head on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal was moaning the entire time. Will's mouth was wet and slick, and the sight of pink lips wrapped so perfectly around his length was driving him crazy.

Will knew the picture he made, down on his knees, wet, pleading eyes, cheeks hollowing with every suck, moaning every time Hannibal bucked his hips forward.

Will pulled back just to say, "Knot my mouth. I can take it."

Will wanted this. He wanted this a lot. He didn't know where all of this was coming from, but he figured that an unhinged Hannibal was paving the way for Will's own unhingedness.

Hannibal stroked his cock as he watched Will on his knees. Will felt the most naked when Hannibal looked at him like that. Like he was magnetized from what he saw in Will's soul.

The moment passed, and Hannibal pulled Will back towards his cock, setting a rough pace, brutally fucking his face. Will knew his throat would be bruised later from the rough handling but he asked for it. He could take anything Hannibal dished out, even craving it.

Hannibal came with a wrecked sound, panting and trembling above Will.

Will looked up at him. Hannibal was a sweaty mess. Hair disheveled, chest heaving, muscles glistening. Hannibal went from the gallant, charming, elegant, high-class Alpha that all omegas wished for as a husband, to one of those rugged-looking, dangerous Alphas that mothers warned their omega children to stay away from.

Will felt Hannibal's knot grow thicker and thicker in his mouth. For a moment, Will imagined his jaw would break but he stayed on his knees, staring up at his Alpha, submissive to him and for him.

Will's eyes watered and he could barely see anything, only smell Hannibal's Alpha musk and taste his heavy knot on his tongue.

They fucked again and again after Hannibal's knot deflated.

Will rode him till Hannibal cried out. His calloused, killer hands holding onto Will's hips, letting the omega set the pace first, but then maneuvering his body and lifting him up and down on his cock. Will was incredibly wet, a mix of slick and come running from his asshole down to his legs.

Hannibal stared at Will's belly as he rode him, touching and caressing the scar he left there. "I wish I could kiss it," was the second thing Hannibal told him since he entered that cell.

Will slowed his pace, just holding Hannibal inside and squeezing him there.

Will didn't know how to respond. Or even if he should, given that he thought Hannibal wasn't even aware of what he said, transfixed as he was by his claim on Will.

Will also didn't want to acknowledge any of that. It felt too real and it would force Will to face the reality outside of their hopeless fortress.

"I wish I could ride your mouth. Feel it in my hole, swallowing your own come out of me," Will fucked himself on Hannibal's cock. *This* was easy. *This* felt right.

Hannibal growled and fucked Will like a ragdoll, lifting him up and down.

Using each other.

They fucked deep into the night and early morning.

The entire room smelled of dirty sex and Will imagined once the fog of lust in Hannibal's brain completely vanished, how pissed off he would be at the smell.

Or not. Given that it would be a reminder of what he did to Will.

"You reek of me, now. Just like you should," Hannibal grunted as he fucked Will bent over his reading table.

Yeah, Hannibal would love that smell. Cherish it and bottle it up.

"Why are you here, Will? Really." Hannibal asked after their last fuck, face pressed against Will's back, both lying on the bed, his spend covering Will's thighs.

"Aren't you bothered by that mask? It must be really hot and getting hard to breathe," Will asked him instead.

"Will." It was all Hannibal needed to say.

"They were going to kill you. Alana was going to medicate you with all these suppressants, and it would eventually kill you," Will answered, face hidden down on the bed. He went with the truth.

Hannibal just hummed, thinking.

"I'm gonna ask Alana to take off your mask. I know you wouldn't bite me. You're not that kind of evil. You will need to eat anyway."

Hannibal just laughed.

Alana had reluctantly agreed. When the guards arrived to leave their food, they took off Hannibal's mask, all the while withstanding Hannibal's growling noises, as he shielded Will's body from their gazes.

They left in a hurry after that.

Will smiled. "They're terrified of you."

Hannibal smiled back. "Good."

Will couldn't stop looking at Hannibal then, and Hannibal smiled boyishly, everytime he noticed Will looking at him.

Like a couple of teenagers flirting.

They made love afterwards, there was no other way to call it.

Will's legs were wrapped around Hannibal's waist, Hannibal's bigger body covering Will's.

They looked into each other's eyes, breathed each other's scents, panted into each other's mouths; Will felt all of Hannibal's pain, longing, anger, desire and love and Will felt a tear stream down his own face, thinking about the fact that this was the last line he would cross.

If after everything Hannibal did to him and the people he cared about, Will was still capable of…desiring? Loving? Someone like him…how much better than Hannibal was he really?

Hannibal was fucking him so good though, taking care of him so well, going so deep inside Will's body, that Will preferred to not listen to his doubts now. Not now.

Hannibal came inside him and a quiet sob escaped Will's mouth. Will's belly was heavy with come, having been used all night by the Alpha. And he still wanted more.

Will kissed him then, slowly and deep at first and then it grew more passionate and restless. *I hate you*, the kiss said. *I hate that I love you.*

After three years, Will, once again, smelled like Hannibal. Like a brand that had faded with time but had always been there, and was now red and alive. More noticeable than ever.

Hannibal groaned and kissed Will expertly, growing hard again and sliding back inside Will, ready to fill him once again with his come.

His come. His scent. His Alpha.

Will rode Hannibal's face, smearing his slick all over the Alpha's mouth and chin, moaning like a whore.

Hannibal gripped his thighs and drowned in Will. Giving and taking.

They fucked more and ate some more, until Will had to leave.

Will needed to grow hard again, to put his defenses back. It would be hard after all the fucking and him admitting that he did care about what happened to Hannibal, but he had to try. He's been trying his whole life, anyways.

Hannibal watched Will from the corner of his bed as he got ready to leave, naked, cock thick and hanging low down his thigh.

"Are you coming back?"

"I don't know. The Tooth Fairy is still out there, after all."

Hannibal kept watching him. "I'm already in, Will. You know that, right? You can't get rid of me."

Will stopped and looked back at Hannibal, admiring his face and body from up close, one last time.

"I told Alana I wouldn't let you in, once. But you're right. You are. Because you've always been. But I learned how to live with my own demons and how to drown them when I need

to."

"Are you going to drown yourself, Will? Also, my eyes are up here, Will." Hannibal smirked, knowing well how irritating he was being and how distracting his cock was.

Will clenched his jaw and turned around to leave. Stepping out of this cell would be like waking up from a dream. Or a coma. He just knew it would feel like going through a different dimension.

Will told the guards, cameras back on again, that he was ready to leave. The doors unlocked.

"Will," Hannibal called before Will could go through the door. "Was it good to see me?"

Will turned and looked at him. He thought of what he felt everytime he looked at Hannibal. The pain, the shame, the longing, the relief, the thrill. It was a kaleidoscope of emotions, one brighter than the other. He felt alive. He felt sad and tired, for he knew he would have to repress all of it and concoct more lies for himself.

"Good? No."

Hannibal didn't express any emotion, putting his own mask back. "When life becomes boringly polite, think about me, Will."

Will felt his chest constrict and ache the more he looked at him.

So he turned and left.

End Notes

I really hope you guys had fun reading this!! I had a great time writing it! Kudos and comments are FOOD!! So if you really liked this, please let me know!

You can find me on twitter, I post threads and write some stupid commentary there. I'm @SlytherLurin.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!